

Halo: Crimson - Insurrection

by Cybermat47

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Summary: The continuation of the CRIMSON series. The Prometheans have been beaten back from Earth, and the members of fireteam CRIMSON are enjoying a brief time of leave. But soon, they'll be back in combat, and it will be harder than ever before...

1. Prologue: Nightmare

****Author's Note: This story is a sequel to Halo: Crimson and Halo: From the Ashes****

* * *

><p>Hartnell hotel, London, England, Earth, 0153 hours, 142/2558_

The Brute raised it's Spiker, and fired rounds into the defenseless children, while it's fellow monster raised him into the air. The two aliens laughed as their jaws ripped into him-

Bryn's eyes snapped open, and he jerked up in the bed. He gasped for air. Beside him, Alice woke up. "Bryn? Is everything OK? He nodded. "Yeah. Just another nightmare." She curled up next to him. "Don't worry. Everything's alright." Bryn, however, was troubled. Commander Palmer had given the team a day of leave after the Battle of Sydney, but Bryn couldn't relax when he knew that he was needed on Requiem. _"I've been a soldier for too long."_

Outside, a man was speaking on his phone. "Yeah, it's ready." The man on the other end of the phone sounded anxious. "Are you sure? We've spent the last two years planning this hit, we can't let _anything go wrong!" The first man spoke back. "Don't worry. Our man's dedicated to the cause, and you know how well our... associates build their explosives. Lord Hood isn't going to know what's happened until he's flying through the air in pieces."

2. Shattering the peace

London, Earth, 1243 hours, 14/2/2558

Bryn and Alice were having lunch at a caf  . Alice smiled. "I'm glad we came here. It's so peaceful." Bryn nodded. "It sure makes a nice change from Requiem. That place gives me the creeps." He watched as a large black limousine drove towards them. It was adorned with UNSC flags. He nodded at it. "What's that?" Alice looked at it. "It's probably Lord Hood's car. He lives around these parts." Bryn nodded, and got back to eating his chips.

In a dark alleyway nearby, a man spotted the car coming towards him. He spoke into his earpiece. "Target sighted. I'm proceeding with the mission." He reached under his jacket, and pressed a button on the bomb. It was armed. Making sure it was well hidden, he walked out onto the street.

Alice saw a man walk out of an alleyway. He crossed the road without looking, and the UNSC car was about to slam into him. "Oh crap." She jumped up, and ran towards the man. She yelled at him. "Quick! Get off the road!" The man looked at her, drew a pistol, and fired. She ducked, with reflexes that could only belong to a SPARTAN. The bullet missed, but the civilians started screaming and running. Bryn ran at the man, and tackled him.

The man was knocked unconscious. Bryn opened his jacket to reveal a Covenant explosive vest adapted for human use. Lord Hood got out of the car, followed by two UNSC marines. "What the hell is happening here?" Bryn watched as the bomb prepared to detonate. He turned to Hood. "Sir, you need to get out of here right now!" Hood saw the bomb. Bryn yelled at him. "NOW!" Hood turned around and ran, followed by his guards. "Bryn!" Bryn turned around to Alice. She was pointing to a black van closing in on them. It had the red fist emblem of the Colonial Rebellion Front painted on it's side.

Bryn swore. "Crap. Get to cover, that bombs going to blow!" They ran, but the bomb blew.

The van came to a stop next to the SPARTANs, and three men got out. Two of them inspected the SPARTANs. "They're alive. Just unconcious." they reported to the third man, their leader. Half of his face was badly burnt. "Take them with us. They're obviously SPARTANs. We might get a good price for them from the UNSC."

3. Ghost from the past

Location unknown, 1053 hours, 14/2/2558

Bryn slowly came to. He looked around. He was in a dark, metal room, lit only by a flickering bulb hanging from the ceiling. He tried to move, but he couldn't. He was tied to a chair, his hands bound. Alice was on the opposite side of the room. "Alice!" She looked up. "Glad to see that you're finally awake." "What happened?" "These Insurrectionists captured us. I think that they're going to interrogate us." Bryn swore. "Damn." The door opened. The two SPARTANs looked to the left, to see a man walk in. He was holding a knife, and half of his face was badly burnt.

Bryn recognised the man. "Oh shit." The man looked at him. "You seem surprised to see me!" Bryn frowned. "I'm not used to seeing people I killed, that's all." The man hit him, hard. "_You're _the bastard who tried to blow me up!?" Bryn sighed. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said that." Alice asked "Who's this asshole?" Bryn replied "John Anderson, leader of the Colonial Rebellion Front. And I 'killed' him in 2544." Anderson cut Bryn's earlobe off. "Shut up, you piece of shit! Now, you're gonna tell me what the _Infinity _is doing right now. Got it?" Alice yelled at him. "Why? So you can stick a bomb on it? Do we _look _like idiots?" Anderson sneered. "To be honest, yes."

He moved over to Alice. "And it seems to me that you two know each other well. I mean, why would two SPARTANS have lunch together if they weren't in a relationship with each other?" The SPARTANS stayed quiet. Anderson looked at them, then suddenly put his knife under Alice's left eye and cut the skin open. Alice gasped in pain as her blood dripped out onto her cheek.

Bryn yelled at Anderson. "Leave her alone you asshole!" In his anger, he managed to burst through the rope binding his hands. He leapt up, and knocked Anderson out with a punch. He untied Alice. "Are you OK?" She nodded. "Yeah, I can fight." They ran out the door. They found themselves in a corridor. Two guards were facing away from them. The SPARTANS snuck up on them and snapped their necks. They picked up the guard's MA5A rifles, and continued on. They turned a corner, and ran into four guards. Alice opened fire, cutting the guards down. She knelt down and retrieved more magazines and an M6B pistol.

They ran to the end of the corridor and opened the door. It led outside, and they ran out it into a forest. They ran as fast as they could until they were completely exhausted. They leaned against a tree, gasping for breath. Bryn looked at Alice's wound. "That cut's pretty deep." She shrugged. "It'll be fine." Bryn sighed, and looked up. "Oh shit." Alice looked up.

The sky was made of metal.

They were on Requiem.

Back at the rebel base, Anderson was in a video conference with an ally. "I captured two SPARTANS, but they got away. I haven't got the weapons here to deal with them, so I need you to send some of your troops out into the forest around my base to look for them, and kill them." On the screen, Jul 'Mdma nodded. "_I will send a force of Zealots to crush the demons, but you must supply me with more of your nuclear explosives." _Anderson nodded. "That seems fair enough."

Bryn was climbing up a tree, looking for a good place to hide while they slept. He found a suitable fork between two branches and called down to Alice. "I found a good spot." She climbed up. Bryn said "You can go to sleep first. I'll keep watch." She smiled, and kissed him. "Thanks."

Alice woke up. It was morning. She looked across to see that Bryn was still awake. "Hey, why didn't you wake me?" Bryn looked at her. "I thought you could use the sleep after that bastard cut your face." She smiled. "You didn't have to, you know." Bryn was about to say something when something caught his eye. "Alice, quick! Jump!" They jumped out

of the tree, just as the plasma grenade landed and detonated. Bryn quickly brought up his MA5A, and fired at the Elite Zealot who had thrown the grenade. The Zealot's shields flickered and died, just as the assault rifle ran out of ammo.

The Zealot charged, it's Energy Sword drawn, just as Alice finished it with a shot from her M6B. Bryn smiled. "Thanks. Look out!" Several more Zealots were advancing on them. Bryn and Alice fired at them, but there were too many. As the Zealots got closer, Bryn turned to Alice. "Just so you know, I love you!" Alice was about to reply when the Zealots exploded. They turned around. "What the fuck..?"

When the smoke cleared, they saw two SPARTANs, one in orange RECON armour with a WARRIOR helmet, and holding an empty M363 RPD. The SPARTAN nodded at them. "Good to see you're alright." Bryn grinned. "Good to see you, Terry." The other SPARTAN, Richard, gestured behind him. "Pelican's this way."

UNSC INF-101 'Infinity', 1256 hours, 14/2/2558

The D79 Pelican landed in the_ Infinty'_s hangar, and CRIMSON got out. Commander Palmer was there to meet them. "Watkins, Greene, good to have you back. You might want to change out of those civilian clothes." Bryn nodded. "Yes ma'am." Palmer noticed the scar under Alice's eye, and Bryn's missing earlobe. "What happened to you?" "Insurrectionists. They were interrogating us about what _Infinity_ was doing here." Palmer frowned. "Insurrectionists? What the hell are they doing down there?" Alice shrugged. "No idea." Palmer swore. "Damn. We'll cover that at the debriefing tomorrow. You should report to the infirmary, get checked out."

The medical tests didn't take long. When they were over, Bryn and Alice went to their quarters. They were alone, as Terry and Richard were still on Requiem, observing the Insurrectionist base. Bryn smiled. "Just us now, Alice." She nodded. "Yeah." They both had the same thought at once. They held each other, kissing with passion, and collapsed on the bed.

4. Back in action

UNSC INF-101 'Infinity', 1321 hours, 14/2/2558

Bryn and Alice were getting their clothes back on just as Commander Palmer walked in. "Right, you two, Captain wa-" She broke off abruptly as she took in what she was seeing. "I'll just wait outside..." She turned around and closed the door. Bryn turned to Alice. "We'd, er, better get dressed or something." She nodded back. "Yeah."

They quickly got dressed and walked outside, where Palmer was waiting. She gestured behind herself. "Captain's office is this way." A few minutes later, they walked into the office, where Lasky was waiting. He shook their hands. "Good to see that you're safe, SPARTANs." Alice nodded. "Thank you sir." Lasky gestured at two chairs, both facing his desk. "Please, sit down. Sarah, if you'll excuse us?" Palmer looked slightly surprised, but exited the captain's office anyway.

The captain started the debriefing. "Can you tell me exactly how you

managed to get from Earth to Requiem? We already know about the assassination attempt." Alice answered. "I regained consciousness before Br - Lieutenant Watkins. It looked like we were bought on a stolen prowler." "No prowlers have been reported missing since 2552," a new voice replied. Bryn and Alice turned around. On a screen was Admiral Serin Osman, the head of ONI.

>The SPARTANs snapped to attention. Osman nodded. "At ease. What happened after you arrived at Requiem?" Alice again replied. "They knocked me out, and took us to their base. That was when Lieutenant Watkins regained consciousness. We were interrogated." Osman looked at them curiously. "Do you know who by?" This time Bryn answered. "John Anderson, the head of the Colonial Rebellion Front. He's listed as dead, I was sent to assassinate him for my first mission, back in 2544. You might want to correct that."<p>

"What did they want to know?" "What the Infinity was doing here." "Did you divulge any information, Lieutenant?" "No I did not, ma'am." Osman nodded, as if pleased. _"As if the head of ONI can feel emotion,"_ thought Alice. "How did you escape?" Bryn shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "I managed to break my bonds while Anderson was torturing Warrant Officer Greene. We used insurrectionist weapons to escape." Osman looked closely at Bryn. "Is there any additional information you would like to add?" Bryn smiled grimly. "Yes ma'am. The suicide bomber was using a covie bomb, and Sangheili were hunting us after we escaped. I think that the CRF and Covenant Remnant are working together." Osman nodded. "Thank you Lieutenant, Warrant Officer. That will be all. You're dismissed." Bryn and Alice stood up, saluted, and left.

They headed for S-deck, where SPARTAN Miller was waiting. When he spotted them, he smiled. "Good to see that you're alright." Bryn smiled. "Thanks. What are we doing today?" Miller replied "Seeing as SPARTANs Baker and Davis are reconnoitering that innie base, and you haven't been back for a while, Commander Palmer wants you to do something simple. There's a small covie base, a couple clicks north of the quarry. You're going to get in there and wipe it out. Now move out."

The SPARTANs headed to the armour bay. Bryn was sealed in cobalt and aqua armour; RECRUIT shoulders and helmet with VISR 4.09, a HAZOP chest unit, GV-09 locking forearms and RG-63 counter legs. The chest, forearms and legs were clad in FOREST camouflage, while the helmet and shoulders had PRIME markings. On his left shoulder was a yellow and white PRIME emblem, indicating that he had served in other SPARTAN programs.

>Alice, meanwhile, was sealed in dull red SCOUT armour, with VISR 4.09 and RECRUIT forearms and legs. Clad in their MJOLNIR GEN-2 armour, they headed to the armoury. Bryn chose an M395 DMR and M6H, while Alice went with her usual SRS-99, and a BR85HB SR. They headed to the hangar, and boarded their D79.<p>

5 kilometres north of 'Quarry', Requiem, 1546 hours, 14/2/2558

The pelican put down, and the two SPARTANs got out. Bryn gestured vaguely forward. "We've got a couple of clicks to walk before we get to that covie camp. Let's get moving." "Yes, sir," Alice replied, somewhat cheekily. They set off. "So," Bryn said, trying to start a conversation, "How come I was out for so long?" Alice shrugged. "I don't know. We were held separately when the innies were bringing us here. Maybe they were drugging you?" Bryn thought for a moment. "That

would make sense."

The conversation soon turned to Admiral Osman. Alice didn't think too highly of her. "There was a girl named Tex who I went to school with. She enlisted in the S-IV program, and was selected for some special project headed by Osman. Never saw her again." Bryn was had more respect. "She's done pretty well, considering that people that young don't usually become Admirals."

After several hours of walking, they found the Covenant emplacement. It was well defended, with four Shade turrets covering the perimeter. At the centre of the camp was it's leader, a Sangheili Commander clad in gold armour, an Incineration Cannon on it's back. Alice pointed him out to Bryn from their position on a nearby hill. "He's going to be a problem." Bryn nodded. "Definitely. You stay here and snipe them, I'm going to go down there. Don't open fire until you see the enemy return fire on me. Take out the Warrior first, then the Shade gunners. Then just fire at will." "Consider it done."

Bryn quietly approached the camp. A Storm Elite had it's back to him, and he quickly stabbed his combat knife into it's neck. It fell to the ground with a wet gurgle. Suddenly, plasma exploded around his feet. He ducked, and looked up. A Shade was firing at him. He rolled, just as the Incineration Cannon fired at him.

Alice looked through her scope, centering it on the Warrior. She fired off three shots. The Warrior fell to the ground, half of it's face blown off. She quickly silenced the Shades, then started on the Elites.

Bryn took cover behind a rock, and took out a group of Grunts firing at him. Their heads exploded, the methane they breathed on ignited, and burnt their dead bodies. Soon, the entire camp had been wiped out. Bryn called in a Pelican, as Alice joined him. He smiled. "I think we've still got it!"

5. The Cost

Outside the CRF base, Requiem, 0041 hours, 15/2/2558_

Terry watched as the D79/S Pelican descended, it's specially designed engines making barely any noise. Infinity was the only ship in the fleet to have the new stealth Pelicans, and they were only used when necessary. Terry looked back at Richard. "Looks like this is the night." Richard nodded. "They've left us waiting long enough."

As Bryn and Alice left the Pelican, their squad mates approached them, and began informing them of the base's defences. "They have machinegun turrets on the walls, and snipers placed between every few MGs," Richard explained, drawing a diagram in the dirt to make it clearer. "The innies aren't well equipped, though. The MGs are old models from 2552, and while the Snipers have SRS-99s, their scopes aren't military grade." Bryn nodded. "So they upgraded their security since I was there. This one could be difficult."

Terry smiled behind his helmet. "I've already got a plan. You and Alice take them out from long range, while me and Richard will move in to neutralise the ones you didn't get. You'll then join up with us, and we'll move through the base, clearing it one corridor at a

time."

"It's a good plan," Bryn replied. "We'll do it your way."

They quickly moved into position. Bryn chose his targets, moving the scope of his DMR over each insurgent so that when the time came he could take them out as quickly as possible.

His radio crackled as Terry reported in. "We're in position. We can start whenever you want." Bryn nodded. "Alright. Begin the assault on my mark." Bryn again carefully scanned the base. Everything was as Terry had reported. Bryn decided to begin the assault. "3, 2, 1, mark."

Bryn fired his DMR at an insurgent manning an MG turret. The bullet hit the man in the head, and passed clean through. Death was immediate. As his comrades quickly tried to respond to the attack, several more fell, some to Bryn's DMR, most to Alice's SRS-99. Terry and Richard quickly charged across to the base, and planted charges on the gates. As the charges detonated, they charged into the base itself, quickly taking out the few insurgents who weren't in cover.

Bryn and Alice quickly finished off the few insurgents remaining on the wall. Reloading his DMR, Bryn radioed Terry and Richard. "What's the situation down there?" Richard replied, his voice energetic thanks to the adrenaline. "We've secured the ground here, join up with us and we can move into the facility." "Roger that, I'm on my way," Bryn responded, getting to his feet. Alice, however, felt somewhat uneasy. "There's something we're missing here," she thought. She quickly dismissed the thoughts, after having another look at the base. "No. It's just a feeling. I should ignore it." She got to her feet and moved towards the rest of CRIMSON.

As soon as CRIMSON rendezvoused, they started heading towards the entrance to the CRF HQ. Bryn, who had drawn his M6 pistol in preparation for the close-quarters fighting that would take place in the base, kept his eyes peeled for any threats. "I don't see any hostiles," he thought, "but that doesn't mean they're not here." Bryn had heard many cases of victories being turned to defeats by ambushes, and he was determined not to let that happen today. "Keep your eyes open," he told the rest of the squad. "Just in case".

Just as they reached the doors to the HQ, Terry signed to the squad to stop. "Something's not right here," he whispered. "I have a bad feeling." Bryn was concerned. "What do you think is causing it?" Terry shook his head. "I'm not sure. This just seems too easy. This could be a-" Terry's speech was cut short, as an energy sword carved through his shield, armour and flesh, broiling his insides.

As the SPARTAN fell, his comrades fired at the Sangheili Zealot who had killed him. "It's an ambush!" Bryn yelled, squeezing the trigger at the Zealot. Under the fire from the three SPARTANS, the Zealot soon fell. "They're probably all around us, cover all our sides!" Alice yelled. The SPARTANS quickly got into a triangle formation, scanning the area in front of themselves for the telltale haze affected by active camouflage.

The Zealots were clever. They didn't rely on their active camouflage like many others did, instead using it to complement a more

conventional approach to stealth tactics. They took cover and moved quickly, not just charging at the SPARTANs. But CRIMSON was prepared. "Use your sidearms and knives," Bryn ordered. "They're going to get close." he quickly spotted a Zealot approaching him, and fired his M6 at the alien. He emptied the magazine, and took down the Sangheili's shields, then charged at the Zealot. The Zealot lunged, but Bryn jumped to the side, and as the Zealot moved past him, he buried his knife into it's neck.

As the Elite fell to the ground, with blood gushing out of it's neck, Bryn noticed another Zealot jumping at him from a nearby crate. Bryn crouched, and as the Zealot passed over him, he stabbed upwards, catching the Elite in the groin. It fell to the ground, screaming with pain, until Bryn dug his knife into it's skull.

Bryn looked over at the rest of the squad, and saw that they had dealt with the Zealots who had attacked them. "What do we do now?" Alice asked. "Do we go on with the mission?" Bryn looked at Terry's body. "That ambush killed one of my men. One of my friends. What if there are more ambushes? We can't afford to take any more risks." He thought of all the people he'd seen sacrificed to complete missions in the war. "I care more about the well-being of my men than I do about the mission." _

"We've lost too much already," he told Richard and Alice. "I'm not risking your lives now. We'll retreat and regroup. Then we'll come back and finish the mission." "Are you sure?" Richard asked. "We've gotten this far. I think that if we stop now, Terry's death will have been in vain." Bryn, however, would not budge. "I've made my decision. We're leaving. Help me with Terry's body."

Richard and Bryn picked up their friend's body, while Alice covered them with her M6. As they moved out of the facility, a loud crack rang out. Bryn instantly recognised it as the sound of an SRS-99. "Get down!" he yelled, as he and Richard dropped Terry's body. Bryn ducked behind a crate, as did Alice. Richard fell to the ground, blood dripping from the crack in his visor that the SRS-99 bullet had made. Bryn stared unbelievably at the corpse. He'd lost two men - two friends - in one mission. He ducked out of cover, and spotted the sniper on top of the facility. He quickly fired at the insurgent, who fell dead.

"We have to get out of here," Alice yelled to Bryn. "Then let's go!" he replied. "We'll have to leave the bodies." They quickly retreated from the base, and made it to their extraction point. On the way back to _Infinity_, neither of them spoke. They had nothing to say._

>

Bryn was deep in thought. "Why can't this war just end? I'm sick of it." Then, he made a promise to himself. "I'm not going to let any more of my friends die." _

6. It begins

Cafeteria, UNSC INF-101 'Infinity', 1245 hours, 15/2/2558

Bryn looked at his sausages. He loved sausages. But today all he could think about was the fact that he had lost two of the finest

soldiers he'd had the honour serving with in the space of a few minutes. He got up and headed to the firing range. Perhaps that would clear his head. When he arrived there, he picked up his customized M6H, and started shooting at targets 50 metres downrange. He hit each of them well, but he couldn't clear his head. He heard a voice behind him. "Hello there, six." He turned around to see Jun. "Hey Jun. If you don't mind, I don't really feel like talking right now." Jun looked down at his feet. "I heard what happened to your team. I'm sorry. I've been transferred to your squad for the time being, though." Bryn nodded. "At least there's _some _good news."

Vale Citadel, Requiem, 1545 hours, 15/2/2558

"Load the explosives!" Jul 'Mdama ordered. The Unggoy, who had been thoroughly disciplined by the Sangheili, obeyed without question, and loaded the HAVOK nukes onto the teleporter. 'Mdama stepped onto the teleporter as it activated, and sent the explosives and 'Mdama to another location on Requiem.

Unknown location, Requiem, 1547 hours, 15/2/2558

Parg Vol had been preparing a stolen prowler, outfitted with Covenant stealth technology for a long journey. He watched as his leader appeared with the HAVOK nukes. He kneeled. "It is an honour to undertake this operation with you, Didact's Hand!" he said, as 'Mdama approached. "Rise, my loyal friend," 'Mdama said, "Soon we will usher in the Reclamation!" They stepped aboard the ship, and set course for the CRF base. _"There will be no human witnesses to the beginning of the Reclamation," _'Mdama thought.

S-deck, UNSC INF-101 "Infinity", 1657 hours, 15/2/2558

"Move it! On the double!" barked Bryn at his squad. Hey had recently been briefed on their mission: raze the CRF base to the ground. They had been outfitted in their armour, and picked up their weapons. Bryn was using a MA5D, stolen boltshot, and a heavy machine gun turret. Alice was using a BR85HB and M6H, while Jun was holding a M395 DMR and M45D tactical shotgun. They boarded the D79, and headed into Requiem.

CRF Base, Requiem, 1946 hours, 15/2/2558

"CRIMSON, the op is live. Execute." As soon as Alice heard Commander Palmers voice, she detonated several charges, blowing the sniper towers sky high. Several CRF men were impaled by wooden splinters, and Jun kicked in the main door, and turned the faces of the two startled guards into mincemeat with his M45D. Bryn rushed in behind him. "Alice, flank them. We'll get to Anderson a whole lot easier that way, over." "Copy that, out."

Anderson heard the explosions and screams of his men. "What the hell is going on out there!?" he asked. He looked outside, to see Bryn ripping up his men with a HMG. "Oh shit." whispered Anderson. He went to his desk, and picked up his M7 SMG. He sat down, and waited for the SPARTANS to come.

Bryn dropped his empty HMG and drew his MA5D. He charged at the CRF troops, their bodies exploding in blood and gore. Jun took out the men at the rear, and all the CRF troops were soon dead. Jun walked up to him. "Where's Anderson?" "I'll find out," answered Bryn as he

activated his Promethean vision. He smiled, looking at Anderson through the office's walls. "We got him."

Anderson was checking that his magazine was full when he felt cold metal against the back of his neck. "Don't move," ordered Alice, "Or I'll shoot." Bryn and Jun came in through the door. Bryn nodded. "Good job," and he opened a comm channel to the Infinity. "Commander Palmer?" He heard Palmer on the other end. "Reading you, CRIMSON. What's the situation?" "We have Anderson, and he's the only innie here alive." "Good job, CRIMSON. A Pelican's on it's way to pick you u-" Roland, the _Infinity_'s AI, interrupted. "Commander Palmer?" Tell CRIMSON to get to cover, now!" Bryn motioned to Jun and Alice to get to cover, and ran over to join them, dragging Anderson behind him. "What's going on, Roland!?" He heard a deep rumbling, and looked up to see a prowler coming out of slipspace. He looked closely, and realised that it had been cannibalized with Covenant technology. Just as he jumped into a ditch with the others the prowler opened fire, plasma and archer missiles melting and destroying buildings.

Bryn saw a plasma round headed straight for them. "DUCK!" he yelled, just as it hit. At the same time, Anderson leapt out of the ditch and ran. He couldn't outrun the plasma round, however. It was so powerful, that it buried all of them in metres of dirt, except for Anderson. He collapsed to the ground, a shard of metal through his leg. More dirt rained down on him, burying him. >"Set us down," 'Mdamma ordered his pilot. "We shall search for any survivors, and cleanse them." As the prowler set down, he and Parg Vol got out. They searched for several minutes, when Vol called out. He had found a hand poking out of what remained of a ditch. Vol pulled it out, revealing a SPARTAN. "Shall I kill it?" Vol asked eagerly, igniting his energy sword. 'Mdamma motioned him to stay his hand. "No. This is one of their demons. We must make it suffer, for our past defeats." He and Vol dragged Alice onto their ship, and headed into slipspace.<p>

Several minutes later, Jun and Bryn crawled out of the ground. Bryn noticed that Alice was missing. He bought up TEAMBIO on his HUD, and saw on the tracker two words for her: Out-system. "Shit, they must have taken her!" He walked over to where his Promethean vision showed Anderson, and dug him out of the ground. He yelled at Anderson. "Why did you give them the nukes!?" Anderson replied feebly. "They said...something...about...awakening the...Didact's Fist." He coughed and died.

Sol system, 2345 hours, 15/2/2558

The prowler came out of slipspace. As it sped toward Moscow, 'Mdamma primed the nukes. The prowler came in fast and low towards the secure ONI facility, and dropped the HAVOK nukes. The city was devastated, people turned to ash, cars and trucks _melted , _wood splintered, and the ONI facility's massive, 10 metre thick doors broke. Inside the EMP hardened prowler, 'Mdamma felt triumphant.

Soon the Great Journey would begin.

7. Didact's fist

ONI facility, Moscow, Earth, 2350 hours, 15/2/2558

'Mdama entered the facility through it's broken doors, flanked by his guards. He was dragging Alice, stripped of her armour, behind him. After several minutes of walking through the facility, they came upon a massive vault door. 'Mdama looked at a panel next to the door. _"This requires a human's touch," _he realised. He shook Alice roughly. She came to, and when she saw 'Mdama in front of her, she tried to hit him, but was restrained by the Sangheili guards. 'Mdama motioned his guards to release her, and pointed at the panel. "Open," he ordered. Alice looked up defiantly. "Go to hell, hinge-head!" Angrily, 'Mdama grabbed her hand and placed it on the panel. The massive doors opened.

'Mdama hit Alice's head hard, knocking her out. He entered the room. Inside were hundreds of pods, and a sphere made out of Forerunner material. On it's dias was a plaque, reading: _Unknown Forerunner device, recovered during the battle of Sigma Octanus IV by S-B312. _'Mdama picked up the sphere, and placed it in a slot in the closest pod. Another Sangheili was reading a readout from a nearby screen. "It says here that only one of them is alive!" 'Mdama turned around angrily. "We will make the Humans pay soon enough!" He turned to see that the pod was opening. Breathless, he knelt, with the rest of the Sangheili. Out of the pod clambered a creature. It was somewhat similar to a Human, but much taller. It wore gray and orange armour. 'Mdama felt awe at this creature.

The Forerunners had returned.

End
file.